

WIN A FABULOUS *Wildlife* EXPLORER'S KIT....



WORLD SAVERS



MARVEL®
28th July 90

THE REAL

NO.111 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



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WIN A FABULOUS *Wildlife* **FROM** EXPLORER'S KIT....



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MARVEL
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THE REAL

GH^oSTBUSTERS™

WHO IS THAT GUY?

I DON'T KNOW BUT HIS FACE RINGS A BELL!

ISSN 0954-9404



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30



CLANGA! CLANGA! CLANGA! Go the bells of *Votre Pater*. **The Real Ghostbusters** are in for a real hum-dinger of a time when they come face-to-face with Quasilogo, a ghost who really has got the hump. It seems that the boys should run like the clappers from this beastly bell-ringer, but not everything rings true in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

There's a fantastic competition in this week's **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** in which you could win a NatWest World Savers Wildlife Kit. And if that isn't enough for you, there's the fourth instalment to **Ghost Gangsters II**, and most of your regular spooky favourites. Don't forget to look out for next week's issue as there is a fabulous Monster Munch competition. So don't dare miss it!

CONTENTS

Dr Unlivingstone!	3
Spengler's Spirit Gude	8
Winston's Diary!	10
NatWest World Savers Competition	13
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Green Bog Gobbler!	14
Ghost Gangsters III – Part Four	15
Dead True!	21
Slime Time!	22
Next Week Box	23
Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

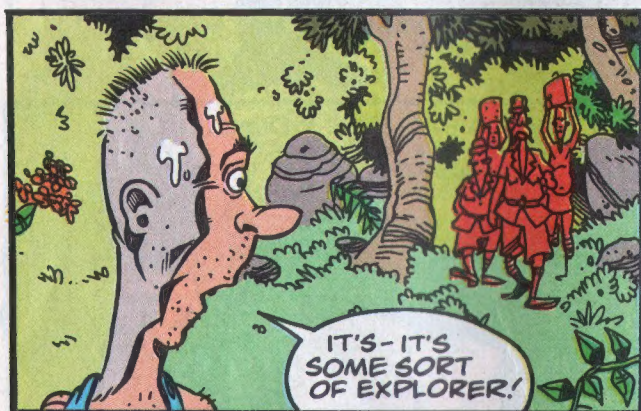


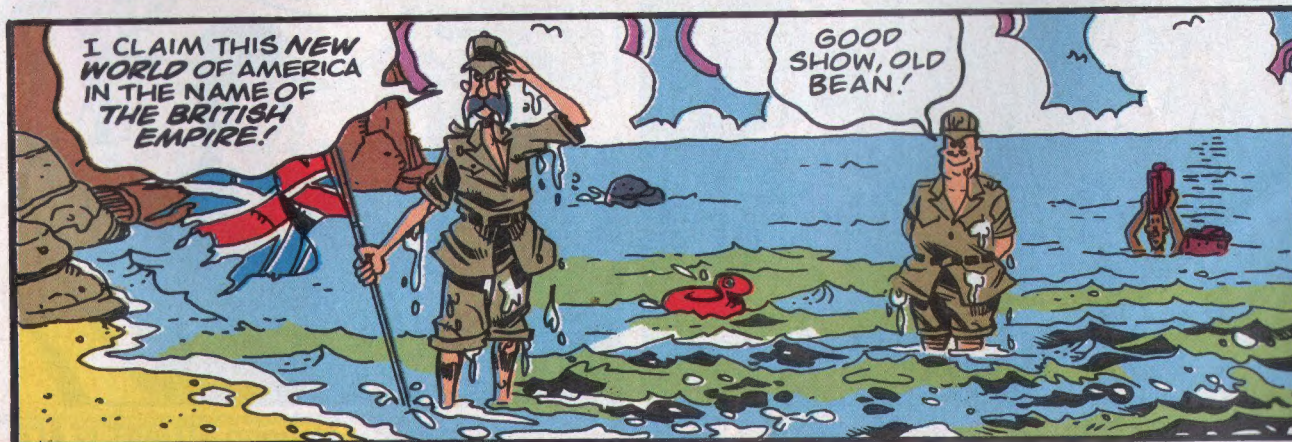
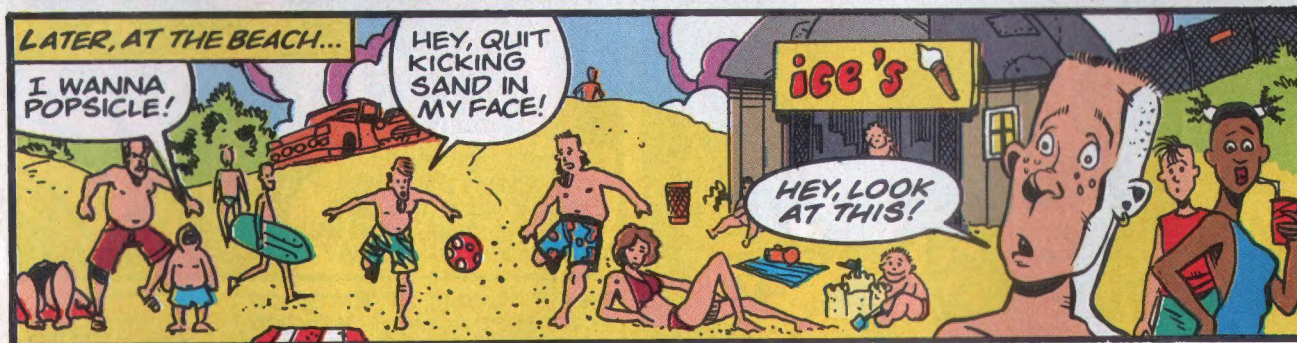
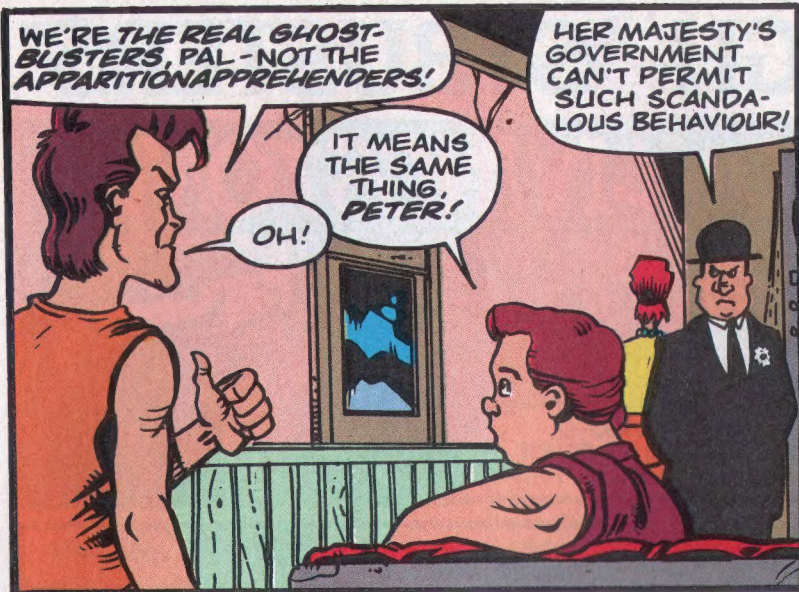
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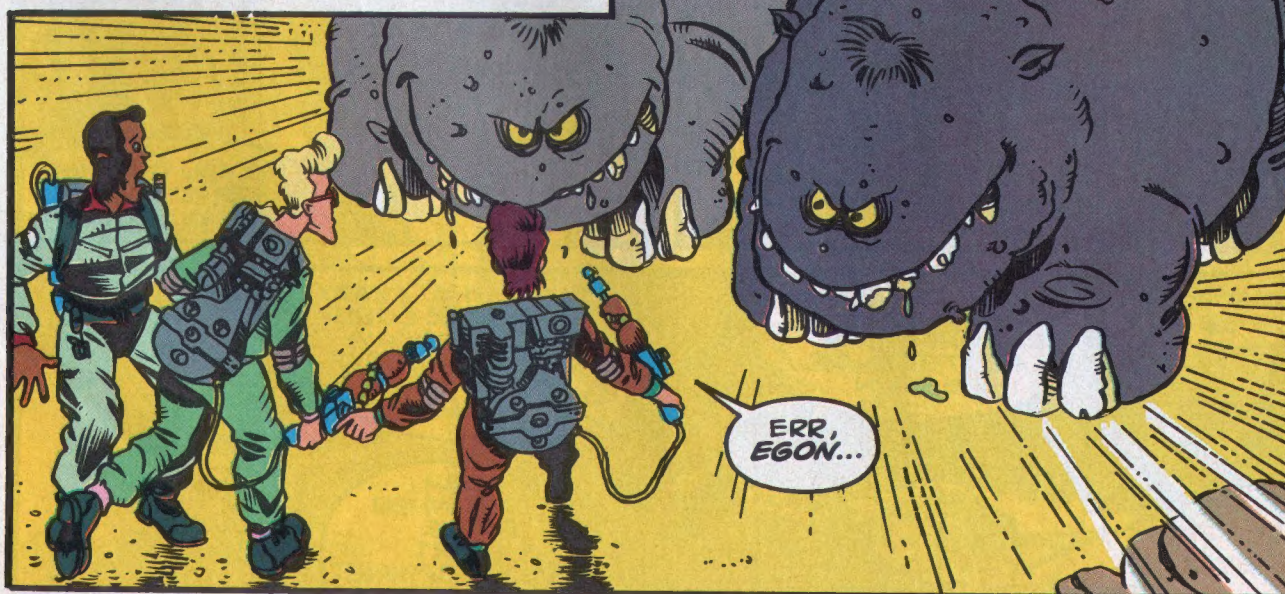
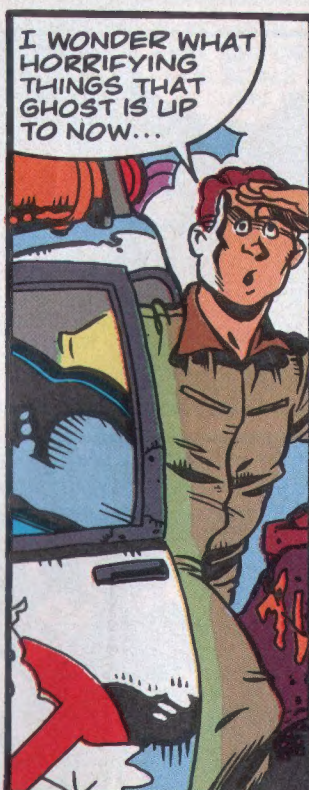


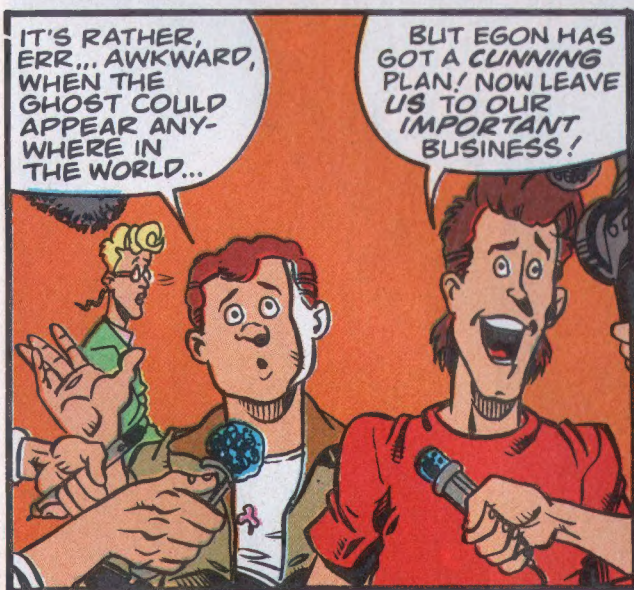
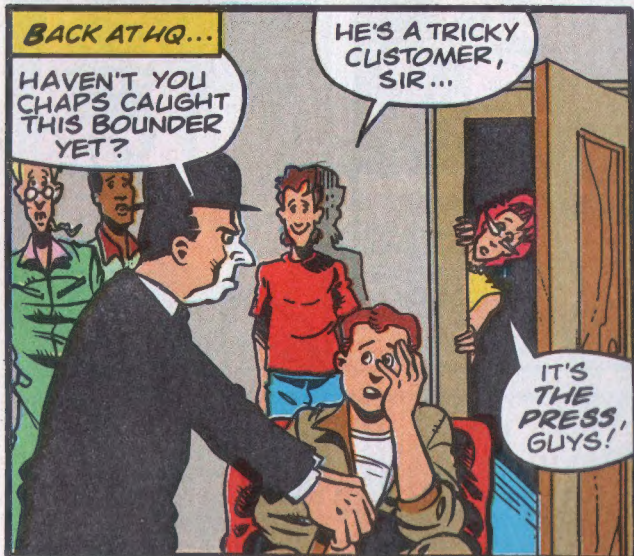
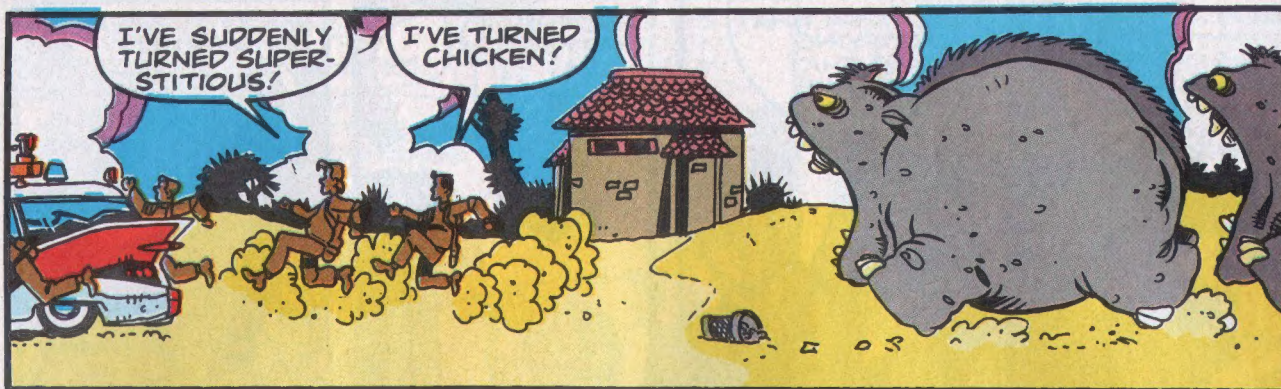
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™











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Here is your chance to win a Wildlife Explorer's Kit and at the same time help protect the environment and save endangered species.

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1. How many species of fish can be found around Britain?

A. 150 B. 15 C. 1,500

2. Approximately how many birds contaminated with oil are found dead on the British beaches each year?

A. 1,200 B. 12,000 C. 100,000

3. How many miles of coastline are around the U.K.?

A. 9,000 B. 90,000 C. 19,000

Fill in the answers on the entry coupon and complete the tie-breaker in no more than 15 words.

Stick the completed entry coupon to the back of a postcard or sealed envelope, write the name of the comic on the top left hand corner and send it to:

World Savers Competition, 154 Great Charles Street, Birmingham, B3 3HU.

To arrive no later than August 31st 1990.

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GUARDIAN

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

Wednesday, 18th July 1990

When Egon hauled Ray and me off in ECTO-1 saying we'd been called out on a bust by the Society of Campanologists, we expected an elaborate en route briefing about the cult of the demon-god, Campanos, the consistency of his slime, the nature of the under-demons, the length of his big sharp pointy teeth etc etc. We were wrong. Campanologists don't worship some nasty arch-spirit in secret. They ring bells.

"It's the correct term for those skilled in the art and practice of bell-ringing," Egon explained as we drove along. "They're holding some sort of gathering at the home of the society president and apparently, they've got some sort of problem."

They had some sort of tower too. A vast and ancient brick steeple stood in the front garden of the president's posh estate, and we could see it from miles away.

"What's that?" I asked as we drove up. "I don't know" replied Egon.

"What's that?" we all asked as we climbed out of the car to greet the president of the society, who hurried to meet us over the lawn.

"It's the bell tower of the medieval cathedral of Votre Pater in France. The cathedral has been falling down for the last few years and the French government had threatened to demolish the tower. My society raised the money to save it by performing sponsored twenty-four hour bell ringing and we had it shipped over here brick by brick and rebuilt. It's a wonderful example of the Gothic campanile, don't you think?"

"It's a bell tower," Ray decided.

The president was a fairly normal looking man, except that he was wearing bell-bottom trousers. That was a bad sign. It meant he took his hobby too seriously. Egon takes his hobby too seriously too, and look at the trouble that's caused over the years.

Other members of the society crowded round (they were all wearing bell-bottoms too, Ray and I noticed with a rising sense of alarm).

"What seems to be the problem?" Egon asked.

"Well, as soon as we realised something was wrong, we gave you a ring. . ." began the president. The rest of the assembled campanologists sniggered. Ray shifted uncomfortably and whispered to me, "He made a bell joke and they all laughed. This could be even more awful than we thought."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "It could have just been a coincidence."

"I'll check," Ray replied and raising his voice asked, "We got here as fast as we could. Winston drove like the clappers." There was general, thinly disguised mirth. "Uh oh," I murmured.



"We didn't believe it at first," chimed in another bell-ringer. "When Gerald told us he'd seen a ghost in the tower, we thought he had bats in his belfry."

"Anyway," giggled the president, "it seems we are being haunted by the ghost of Quasilogo, the hunch-backed bell-ringer of Votre Pater. His spirit must have been shipped over here in the brickwork."

"Quasilogo?" mused Egon. "That name rings a bell!" At that, several society members passed out due to hyperventilation and had to be sat down and given hot tea. "How did you know it was Quasilogo?" Egon went on, unaware of the damage he was causing.

"Just a hunch," exploded the president and we walked off to investigate the

tower leaving forty society members writhing on the lawn with their legs in the air, like flies zapped with industrial strength Swat-A-Bug.

"Lovely," remarked Ray as we climbed the rickety staircase to the ninth (or possibly the tenth) floor of the tower. "Did they import all this cobweb muck and grime from France as well?"

Egon ran a reading over the gunk with his gigameter. "Ghost lichen and debris," he muttered. "This is a full-environment manifestation, composing the conditions of the original site out of ectoplasmic residue. Most authentic."



The grinning gargoyles looked authentic too, especially the one whose grotesquely ugly face stopped being a water spout and rose up above us on top of a hunched, distorted and capering body.

"Strange men fear Quasilogo, hate him for his ugly face. . ." bewailed the dancing figure as it leapt from the ledge and swung above our heads on a long bell-rope. "Even the moon is scared of Quasilogo. Quasilogo wishes he was made of stone like the gargoyles . . . Go back! Go back!"

Ray unshipped his Proton Gun in one fluid motion. "We're The Real Ghostbusters, bozo!" he cried, "and when we've finished with you, the only ringing you'll hear will be in your ears!"

A sudden change came over the ghastly figure and he dropped down to our level.

"Ghostbusters, you say?" he asked in a surprisingly normal voice. "At last, someone who'll take me seriously."

"You're not," he added, "you're not going to make any bell jokes are you?"

It didn't take the monster long to explain his story to us. He'd become the ghoulish inhabitant of the tower back in medieval times for a pretty decent wage when the archbishop decided having a monster in the tower was good for business and gave the cathedral an interesting atmosphere. He was actually quite a normal bloke (it's amazing what you can do with cotton wool pads in the cheeks and a lunchbox strapped to your shoulders). "I had a great time being a figure of dread and fear," Quasilogo told us, offering us a sandwich. "I just can't stand this place though. They insist on making jokes all the time. It's driving me barmy. I caper out of the shadows with my best ghoulish gibber and there's just a peal of laughter. Sorry, now I'm doing it."

It was a delicate matter. We had to carefully explain to the campanologists that they wouldn't have any more problems if they reacted with fear when Quasilogo turned up, refrained from making any bell jokes in his earshot and left a round of cheese and pickle sandwiches on the tower steps each morning. In return, we explained, they'd get a charismatic and attention-grabbing feature in the tower that would draw the tourists in from miles around. We managed it in the end. We just had to clamp our hands over Egon's mouth everytime he seemed close to using the words 'clapper', 'ring', 'chime', 'struck', 'rope' and 'pull'.

"Do you think it'll work," Ray asked as we drove home. "Will they co-exist in peace and harmony, or will we be called back in a week to sort it out?"

"If we are called back, it'll be by Quasilogo," I replied.

Egon frowned. "Pull the other one," he said, and immediately regretted it.



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

In his momentous tome *Ancient and Pointy Repeaters of the Dark Continent*, Dr. Blake Harkness relates the phantoms of Herbert Gormless Stubbley and Dr. Henry Liverbird which appeared with great regularity each night near his game lodge. Stubbley was a reporter sent out by his newspaper late last century to track down and interview the famous African explorer Dr. Winkley Sloppmonceaux. Unfortunately, the newspaper gave Stubbley a photo of the other explorer Henry Liverbird by mistake and Stubbley spent ten years until his death, chasing Liverbird around Africa, convinced that he had found the right man and that Sloppmonceaux was just a bit reluctant to talk. Each night, the apparition would be the same. The shimmering figure of Stubbley would approach a phantom tent and call out cheerfully 'Dr. Sloppmonceaux, I presume?' and the ghostly Liverbird would throw down his quill and come stomping out moaning 'I'm not Sloppmonceaux! How many times do I have to tell you? Will you leave me alone please ... I'm sure you're following me around Africa, aren't you?'

Stubbley eventually died when the massive packs of camping equipment used by



PART III

Liverbird, inexplicably cut loose from their place lashed to the backs of the pack elephants, fell on the hapless reporter. When told of the accident, Liverbird was mortified that the world of exploring should lose such a fine individual, as is clear from the poignant and stirring words Liverbird spoke at Stubbley's graveside - "Whoops. Oh well. That's exploring for you, matey."

Stubbley and Liverbird aren't the only phantom explorers in the world. Fishermen out at sea off the Whitsun Islands in the South Pacific, report seeing a ghostly shape sailing in towards the lethal reefs on dark nights. It is the phantom of the *Con Carne*, a massive raft made of reeds and old washing-up bottles built by the Norwegian anthropologist Torn High-

erpay, who wanted to prove that the ancient Aztecs watched Blue Peter. Torn met his end when the *Con Carne* was driven into the reef by hurricane-wracked seas. The fishermen report being able to hear his ghostly last words: "Great. The Aztecs invented maritime navigation, the straight rig sail, watertight wood preparation, food storage and scurvy preventatives. Why, oh why didn't they find a way of building a brake on these things ..."

Visitors to the ocean exploration ship, *Caruso*, now on display in Florida, have reported hearing the spectral voice of its last owner, the French ocean explorer, Jacques Cointreau. The voice seems to come out of the very wood of the boat and says "And so, I descend in ze cage, surrounded by a veil of bubbles. Above me, ze smooth white underbelly of ze *Caruso* cuts sro za water. Soddainly, a Great White Shark appears, and eats me up, every last bit." Of all the exploration-related ghosts, however, none is more inexplicable than the spirit of Eric the Puce, the Viking who discovered Bongolia. The ghost has been seen walking out of the supermarket in Walthamstow, looking around and muttering "Wish I hadn't burnt my boat."

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
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London WC2



What's green and red all over?
Slimer with measles!
— David Scaman, Yarburgh

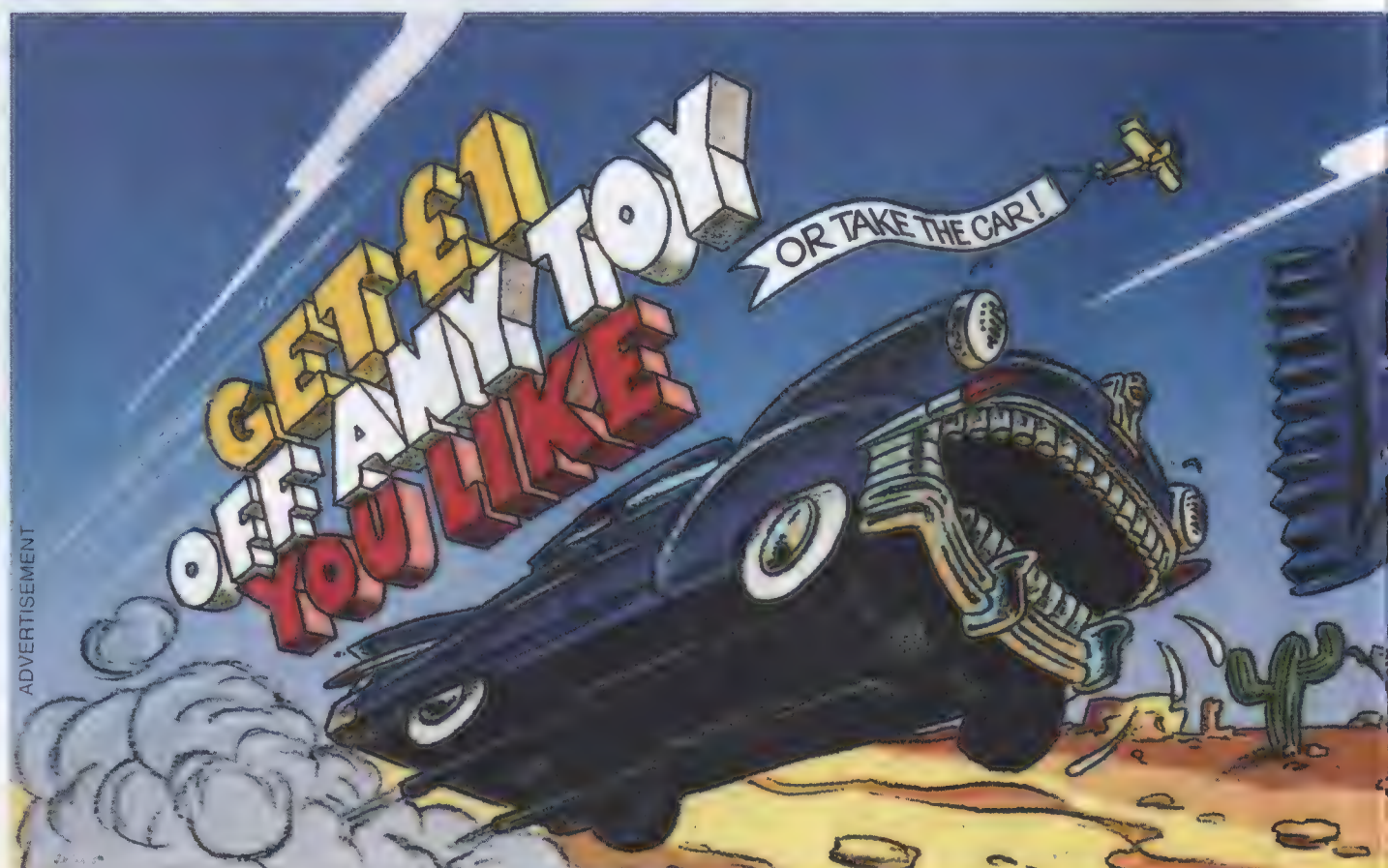
What do sea monsters eat?
Fish and ships!
— Anon, Belfast

What is green and sits in the corner?
The Incredible Sulk!
— Oliver Fleming, Plymouth

What do you call a spider with no legs?
A currant!
— Darren Bermingham, Dublin

What's a ghost's favourite dessert?
Ice scream!
— Christopher Eagles, Warwick

What do vampires cross the sea in?
Blood vessels!
— Anon, Co. Down



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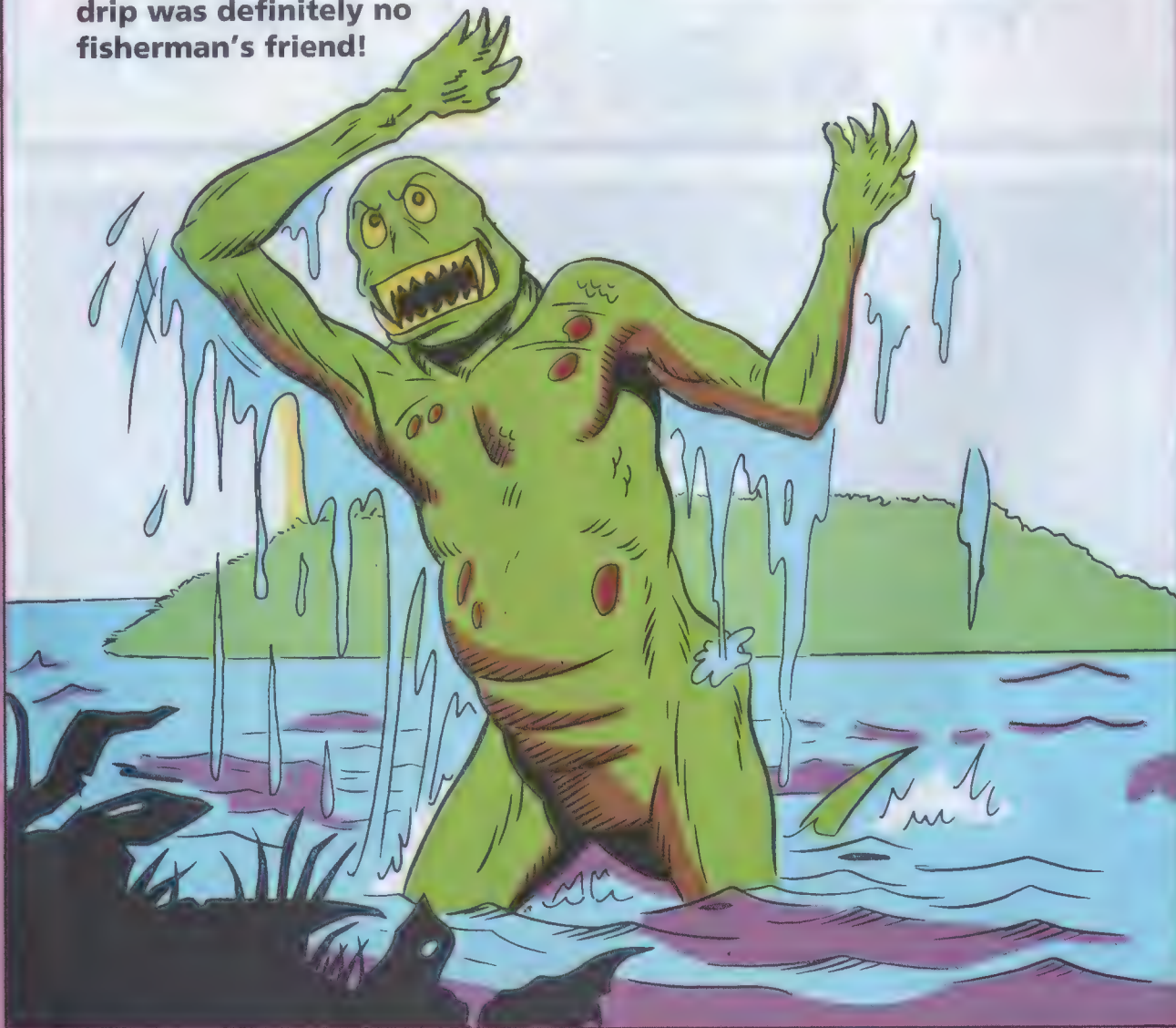
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guardians' written consent (if under 18 years) to Toy Token/Car Promotion, PO Box 123, Uckfield, East Sussex TN22 5UX. Tokens valid at participating stockists until 30.9.91. See pack for details.

GREEN BOG GOBBLER

One would have expected the Everglades in Florida to be an idyllic spot for fishermen, right? Wrong! Lurking beneath the cool, calm water lived the meanest and greenest of critters, the Green Bog Gobbler. He got his kicks from chasing cars, wrecking boats, and generally souring the soup at 100 yards. This eight foot tall dangerous drip was definitely no fisherman's friend!

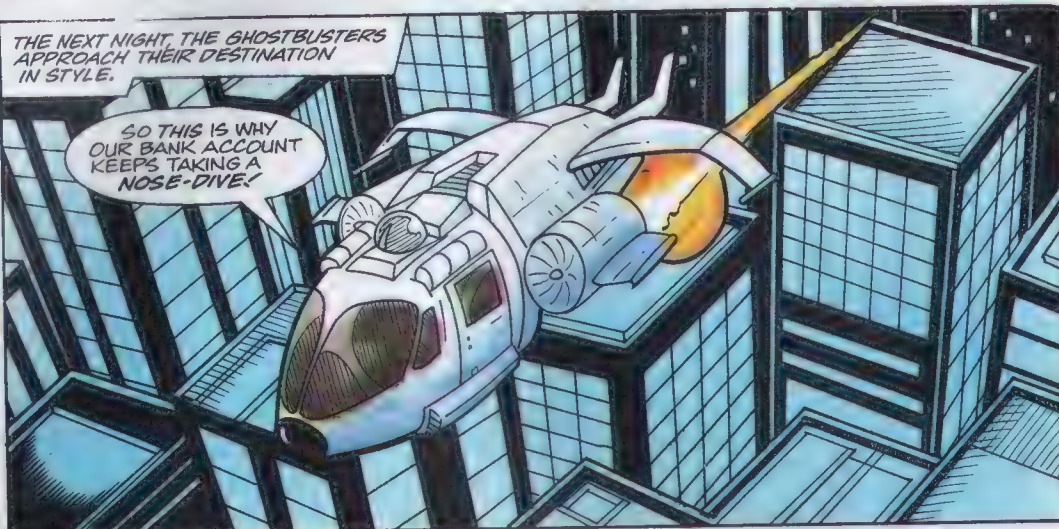
The Gobbler, however, came to a sticky end thanks to Winston and the ingenuity of Egon's invention; a contraption designed to bust all amphibious free-roving apparitions. And so the creature was lured from the depths towards the Trap by the subsonic pulse, proving to be Winston's best ever catch. This was one fish who had definitely had its chips!



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

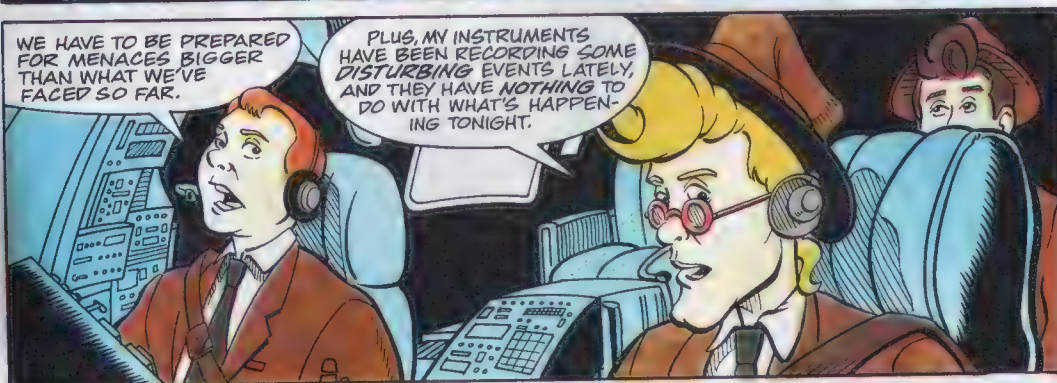
Part Four: It's time for the final showdown between The Real Ghostbusters, Fu Fang, The Ghost Gangsters and The Crime Patrol! But who will win?

THE NEXT NIGHT, THE GHOSTBUSTERS APPROACH THEIR DESTINATION IN STYLE.



WE HAVE TO BE PREPARED FOR MENACES BIGGER THAN WHAT WE'VE FACED SO FAR.

PLUS, MY INSTRUMENTS HAVE BEEN RECORDING SOME DISTURBING EVENTS LATELY, AND THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH WHAT'S HAPPENING TONIGHT.

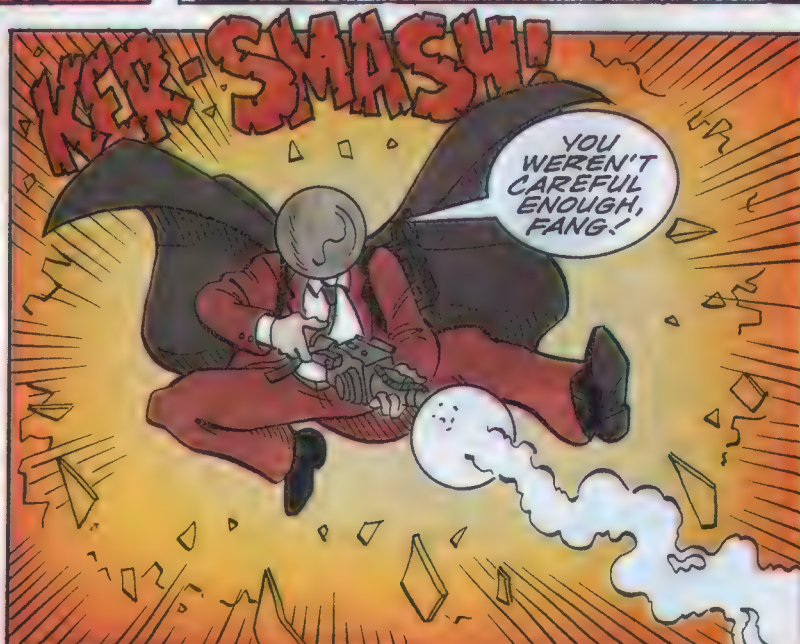
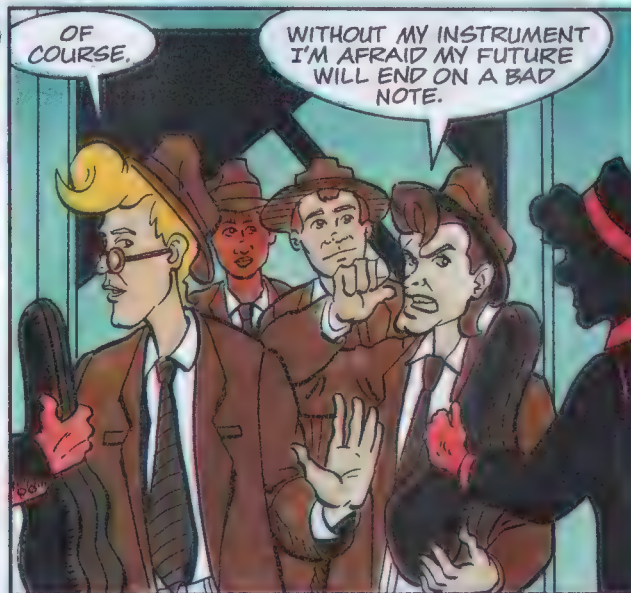


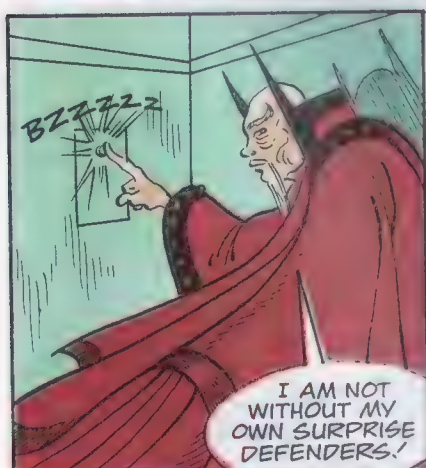
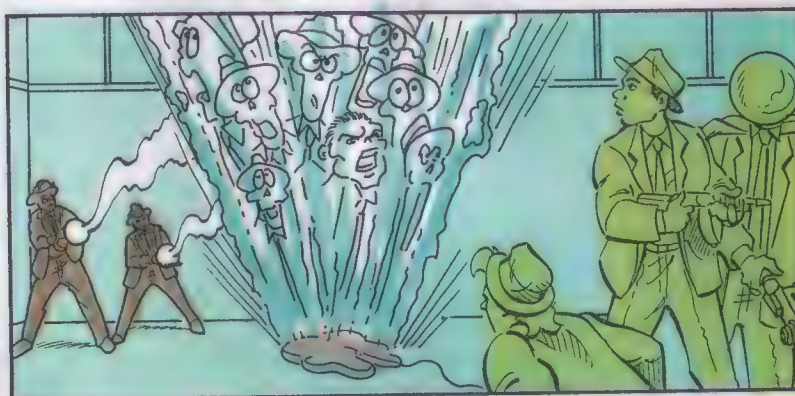
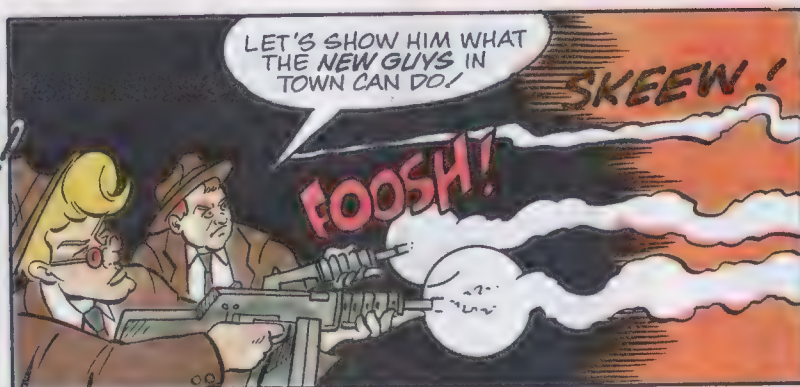
BESIDES, ONLY SOMETHING WITH THE EXTRA ROOM COULD LET US PULL OFF WHAT WE'VE GOT PLANNED FOR TONIGHT.

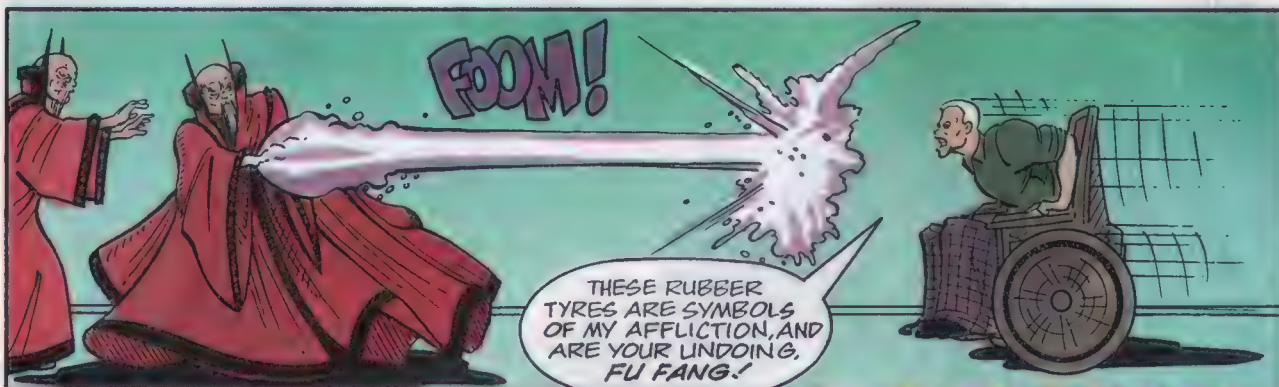
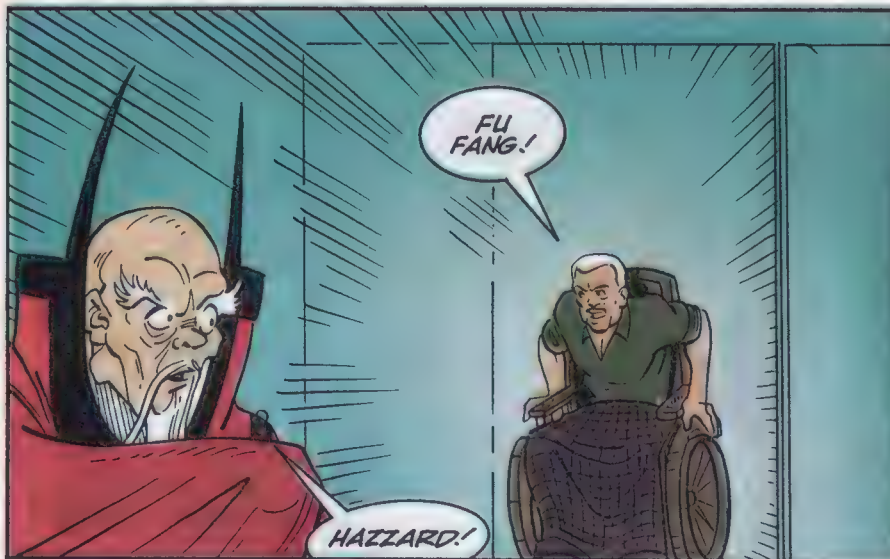
IT'S NOT, REALLY. IT'LL GET US AROUND TOWN, BUT THE ENERGY INTENSIFIERS AND THE SUPER-THRUSTER IT POWERS STILL HAVE TO BE FINISHED.

THERE IT IS, THE WENTWORTH PLAZA.











WHY ARE YOU AFRAID TO
FACE ME, FU FANG?
RUNNING FROM ME IS
NOT AS EASY AS YOU
BELIEVE!



OF COURSE! NOW THAT I'M
CLOSE ENOUGH TO READ YOUR
MIND, YOUR SECRET IS
REVEALED!



THE BODY WAS AN OLD
CLONE OF HIMSELF... A
DOUBLE THAT HIS SPIRIT
CONTROLLED. YOU'RE JUST
A PALE SHADOW OF WHAT
YOU WERE, FU
FANG!



I'M DEATHLESS,
AS ALWAYS!



YOU'RE ON OUR
TURF NOW,
FANG!



YOUR REIGN
OVER THIS SECRET
EMPIRE HAS ENDED,
FOREVER!



DEAD TRUE!



This is the tale of a wealthy English landowner by the name of Hannah Beswick, who became obsessed with the idea of having her possessions taken from her by 'those money grabbing Scottish clansmen!'

The year was 1745 and Bonnie Prince Charlie and his army had advanced south across the border, without any actual plans to pay Hannah a visit. However, the Lancashire spinster was so afraid at the thought of the invading Scots, that she kept her money and valuables hidden from sight.

Aside from the Tartan Army, her other fear was to be buried alive! This was fairly understandable considering the fact that her brother had been pronounced dead, whilst unconscious. The local

doctor had examined Mr Beswick after he had taken poorly, and then gave permission for funeral arrangements to be made. The unfortunate man 'came to' during the funeral service as he lay in the open coffin, surrounded by flowers! Hannah thus left instructions in her own will to be buried above ground, insisting that her body be laid out in her home every twenty-one years! And so, in 1768, after Old Hannah passed away – for real – her corpse was mummified, coated with tar, and wrapped in linen, though her face was left uncovered.

Over a hundred years passed by, whereupon Hannah's wishes were adhered to. However, people in authority at the Manchester Natural History Museum decided to give Hannah a proper

burial, much to her agitation! Her distraught spirit returned to the site of her home at Hollinwood, on the outskirts of Manchester, dressed in her regular uniform of black silk dress and white lace cap. Her ghost became a common sight, roaming around in a rather distressed state upon the site where the old barn once stood.

The sprawling house was eventually purchased by a property developer who converted it into smaller dwellings to be rented to local cotton workers and labourers. It was during the renovation that Hannah Beswick's fortune was uncovered and the ghost was so outraged at the loss of her golden fortune that it returned regularly to the site, looking as angry and menacing as any Scottish clansman!



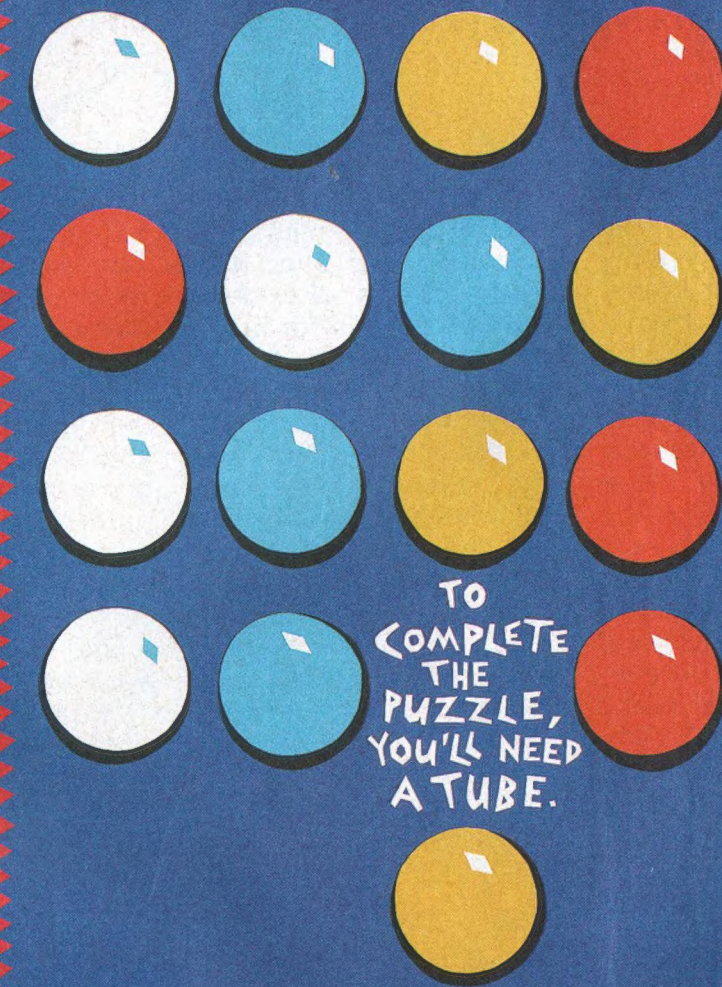


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